The Professor who knows

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The Professor who knows

by Skeletonaprricationday

Summary

Will isn’t gay, he’s just bicurious, and this was the easiest job. Paying for college was hard work, and it wasn’t like credentials for good jobs just magically show up. So he wasn’t exactly proud to shout it at the top of his lungs, but he wasn’t exactly ashamed. Being a male stripper for a gay club is as honest work as any.
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What happens when his extremely attractive Professor finds out?

Chapter 1

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Will walks into class with his best friend Beverly. “Will I swear, I know you aren’t gay, but you’ll fall in love with this professor!”

“I’m not one to gain feelings for the one teaching me, I can barely hold eye contact with people Katz.”

“No, No I swear, his accent, and he talks so smart! It’s amazing.” She throws her hands in a dramatic fashion, she was always one to be honest. She was so honest to the point it could even come off as crude.

Will rolls his eyes and attempts a lazy smile. Walking into the class he looks around for a seat closest to the board. Being upfront kept random people from trying to start conversations with him, and as an antisocial person, it was always perfect.

He knew he was supposed to be living his college life up, but he much preferred sticking to his small group of friends. Jimmy and Brain we’re extroverted enough for him to be in isolation for years.

A tall man with golden brown hair walks into the room, his hair is peppered with gray. He seems to be fashionably dressed, wearing a blue plaid suit. Something so extravagant that on anyone else it would be ridiculous.

“Hello class, I am this year's professor. I will be teaching you psychology from now on. I’ll be in your care.” He smiles up at the class, fixing his tie.

Will’s eyes can’t help but follow him as he goes to sit down at his new seat. It seems sitting upfront in class had new perks. The man just had this charm to him, something that to anyone made him irresistible, even straight guys had to admit how handsome the man one. Not that Will was exactly a straight guy.

Well not now for sure. He’s upgraded from bicurious to definitely wanting a taste.

He ignores these feelings as he pulls out his school laptop and binder. Even if it was the first day, there's always a chance for important notes.
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“That’ll be all for today, for now just rest. I’m not here to overwhelm you on your first day.” The new professor Doctor Lecter lets out a slight laugh. Some of the students try to laugh along with him, humoring his dry, sorta joke.

Will packs everything up ready to just lay back until class is officially over. It was nice of this teacher to give students a time to just lay back, afterall all you hear from upperclassmen is how horrible it is, and how you’ll barely get any breaks. Though Will knew better than to constantly expect this treatment.

As Will is sucked into his thoughts, he hears the clock tick, interrupting him.

“Alright class now it is sadly over. Go off to your next class, and show just as much respect as you showed me today.” Lecter smiles, sending off his students.

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The school day is finally over, but of course for Will the day isn’t over yet, if Will wanted food to eat for the week that is.

He gets into his dorm room, grabbing his car keys. Waves off to Jimmy, and heads to the parking lot. His outfit is in his second bookbag, the one he decided to sign to work and work alone. As he’s about to reach his car he smells smoke.

Turning around to see the source he sees his, now, favorite teacher. It seems after a long day of teaching students he needed a good smoke. Will didn’t mind that fact at all, the way the man's slender fingers held the cigarette, the way his mouth sucked and then puffed out was extremely attractive.

As he’s about to pretend he didn’t see the professor he hears a throat clear.

“Hello Mr.Graham.” The thick accent fills the air just as the smoke before. “Excuse my rudeness, I didn’t expect any students to be leaving this late.” Dr.Lecter puts out the cigarette on the smoke breaks ashtray that the school had.

“Oh, hello Dr.Lecter.” he looks at the man's shoulder, trying to avoid eye contact. “Don’t apologize, teaching must be hard.” He hears the serious-looking man let out a snort.

“Oh trust me it's not as bad as being the student. Not fond of eye contact Mr.Graham? “

“Eyes are distracting. You see too much. You don't see enough.” Will lets out, rubbing the back of his head.

“I must agree with you, though it is considered respectful to look one in the eyes, but I find depending on the person's mental state it becomes harder, so I never mention it.” The accent rings in Will’s ears, and he finds himself relishing in it.

"Yeah I never mention it either after all it’s hard to pay attention when you’re thinking-” Will finally looks into the professor’s eyes “oh, those whites are really white, or he must have hepatitis, or is that a burst vein?"

Dr.Lecter smiles. “I find I must agree with you Will, but due to my job eye contact is extremely important so I try to ignore those things.”

Will finally lets a laugh through. “I see so we all struggle.”

“Where are you off to so late, if I may ask?”

“Uh.” Will searches his mind for an answer, until he finally lands on being vague. “Work.” Will looks up, making eye contact with the man's shoulder once more. He keeps a straight

face praying to God the psychology teacher didn't notice the way he had to think that through.

"Ah I see, then don't let me hold you up with small talk, you must be off on your way then."

"Uh yea I guess I do." Will goes back to nervously rubbing the back of his head, once again withdrawing from the man after finally becoming comfortable.

Will waves at the Lithuanian as he gets into his car, finally getting to drive off.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will finally performs and sees a familiar face in the crowd. What will happen?

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Will gets into the dressing room, laying his bag out. The outfit today he found quite conservative, but it was the sex it excuded that made him order it. The ears get placed on the mirror desk as he finally pulls out the leather one suit, a bunny tail attached to its bottom.

He knew how cliche the bunny was, but it was a symbol of never-ending libido. The rabbit could never be finished with one round, and as an extremely frustrated man with not enough partners, he kinda understood the bunny.

The one suit was made for men, so when it slipped on tight the normal “boob holders” fit his flat chest. It was strange to turn around and see in a mirror a white bunny tail bounce along with his movements, but it was quite sexy. Last was the matching ears, placed upon his unruly curls, it looked almost as if there was no band.

He looked like a true rabbit, and he felt like one too.

He hears the door open behind him, another worker he knew finally. “Hey there Mr.bunny, I like the fit.” Brain laughs taking a small tug at his puff ball of a tail.

Despite being taken, the man worked here to pay for college as well. Him and Jimmy finally officalized it a month ago, and it seemed his month-long boyfriend didn’t mind his boyfriend's oversexulized job. Will thinks it was because of how head over heels Brain is, it was obvious cheating is not on the menu when you turn around and see the man staring, partially having hearts in his eyes.

Will laughed at the thought.

“Okay Mr “I was sexy superman” on monday.” Will shot off, Brain tried to pretend to be offended, placing a hand on his chest.

“Excuse me, I was indeed a very sexy superman, super ho if you will. Haha Will.”

“If I have to hear you make that pun every time you use the word will, I’m going to throw up.” Will rolled his eyes, shifting through his playlist. Finally a song jumps out, a unreleased Lana Del Rey song, it was the very definition of pining. “You can be the boss.” Will could practically imagine the dance he was about to do.

The bar was never specific on the dances, afterall have a sexy enough outfit the attenders wouldn't care if you started to do the stanky leg. Though he could get away with just walking the right way, he found freedom in actually performing. He never got to do something so dramatic and free in his day life, so why waste his nightlife.

Even with his antisocial tendencies, it wasn't like he was performing individually for someone, he was practically ignoring everyone and doing as he wished. It wasn't like anyone he knew was gay, so it was a new coup of strangers each evening.

Brain peeks over his shoulder and makes a ooo sound. "Nice song, slow, sensual, but with just enough beat."

"Yeah I hope so. Let the men out there be the judge of that tonight." Will smiled, with Brain's comment he knew it wasn't going to be a complete flop, but like it ever was. Will wasn't ugly, he knew that much. He definitely knew that much when drunkards tried to touch him, he was just too hot to pass he guesses.

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The stage lit up and he smiled, taking in the sweat and alcohol filled air. The music slowly starts to play and Will walks out in his new outfit that he was quite proud of. Just as he's about to start he sees a particular face in the crowd.

Oh God.

His hot professor was here. He felt the need to run and leave, but money was needed, and money he did make.

Ignoring the surprisingly smiling man he starts. Grabbing the pole putting his strong hand on it, and his less dominant hand across his chest, performing the back hook spin. The beginning was a slow rendition of the chorus.

After he gets that done he does a bend over, putting his head to the pole, arching his back, legs apart, showing off his barely covered junk. In a quick movement he transitions into a carousel slide to knees, facing the pole and dropping to his knees onto the ground.

After this he moves from the pole, on the floor sticking his butt out, wiggling from side to side. Finally he spins around sitting back up on his knees, going back to all fours he crawls towards the crowd.

A man shouts something and has money in his hand, Will feeling daring, and forgetting his new viewer, takes the money with his mouth, folding the dollar with his tongue. He stands up and dramatically drops it into his hand, sticking his tongue out, placing the 100 into his onesuit.

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Will gets off stage sweat dripping off his body, doing pole work was quite hard, it took all your body to do it. As he's about the approach the bar red alarms go off in his head. He just did all of that, in front of DR.LECTER FOR CHRIST SAKES.

He tries to push thought away from his mind till he hears a voice behind him. He just wanted to get to serving drinks for the night, who could it possibly be. Turning around he tries to hide his face.

“When you said work Mr.Graham, I have to say this wasn’t what I expected.” the man has an evil gleam in his eye, one that showed he was having too much fun with this new fact.

“Well we all have to eat somehow.” Will nervously laughs, going back to his nervous habit of rubbing his neck or head, this time adding in a nervous lip bite.

“Don’t look so shy, I never said I didn’t enjoy it. In fact I can never ignore things that are beautiful.”

Will flushes, turning into a tomato. “I find that you finding me beautiful is strange, most guys in a gay bar use words like hot y’know. You talk almost like you’re trying to court me.”

“And if I was?” He finally looks up at Lecter. Seeing the man quirking an eyebrow, attempting to keep a straight face. “I must say, does your establishment allow private dances.” he then decides to add to his sentence “Not to be crude.”

“Uh-uh.” He fumbles with his fingers and words “As long as the dancers agree and you ask the bar.”

“Dancers?” the man lets out a snort. “I only want to ask for you.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal lays it on thick during his private dance.

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Will walks aside his teacher into the private room. He tries to hide his nerves as he enters the room, sure he’s been requested before and he’s done it, after all the money was abundant, but this was his professor for God’s sake.

Lecter looks up at him as he sits down onto the plush chair, sitting legs uncrossed just for Will.

Will decides to play some random song as he fumbles with his playlist. The music is smooth and soft, classical but not quite, he didn’t even remember adding this song but it seems to suit the man's taste. The piano was almost sensual.

Will sits on his lap, back facing him, trying to do as he normally did. He puts his hand on the back of the Lithuanian's neck, arching his back on the man, taking one of Lecter’s hands and placing it on his waist. He lets the man trail shapes on his side, as he slowly grinds to beat, avoiding grinding on the man's crotch.

He places his hands on the arms of the chair, lifting his lower body, moving his hips slowly above the man’s crotch this time. Finally, he stands, putting his hand on the professor’s knee, leaning his chest against his, sitting his chin flat on Lecter’s shoulder. Still, his hips shake, during dances it was your greatest asset.

He sits up face red, taking the flaps off the top of the one suit, letting it hang loosely, exposing his chest. He moves, shaking his hips and letting his own hand trail up him slowly. Finally looking up at his client he sees him. Oh, he sees him. Lecter sits knees slightly apart, an arm on the arm of the chair, using his closed fist to support his chiseled jaw.

“Did you know Will rabbits are receptive to mating about 14 of every 16 days. Rabbits have some quite unsatiable habits. Never quite satisfied. So what are you, dear Will?”

Will can’t seem to speak, the sexual question, the use of his first name, the use of dear.

“I couldn’t possibly understand what you mean.” Will tries not to stutter or show signs of his surprise.

“Let me put it in layman's terms, are you a rabbit or a man? Are you truly satisfied?”

“I still don’t understand what you mean Dr.Lecter-?”

“Hannibal please, formalities aren’t needed.” Hannibal smiles gently. Will gets close to Hannibal after being ushered closer. “What I am asking is, are you free after work?”

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